Oh, Jealousy!

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Bill's having a sleepover at his house and Richie's determined to have fun. So he decides to mess with Bill.
Bill retaliates in the best way possible. Let's make Richie Tozier jealous!

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Author's Note:

> My first fic ever! Hope it's not too bad. I love all of my children and so I had to write something for them.
> Feel free to leave me any prompts if you have any!

It's a Saturday night, the cool breeze blows outside, trees swaying softly as leaves roll by the now empty streets of Derry. In a small town where nothing exciting ever really happens (besides children periodically going missing for centuries), Saturday's aren't really that much different from any other day of the week. Though the local pubs might have around a handful or so more customers and a few stores closed two hours later than usual.

This Saturday night the Losers had been allowed to sleep over at Bill's house. Having been promised to sneak over a pack of beer by Richie. It's been pretty boring for the past couple of weeks and although they absolutely didn't want to have to kill another demon clown again, at this point they'd do anything for a break in their routine.

Richie was determined to not let this night fall into another uneventful one. Something, had to happen and he didn't know how but he was going to make that happen. Whatever that was.

Richie sat on Bill's bed 20 minutes after the movie they'd been watching ended. A nearly empty bag of chips sat on his lap, his right leg dangling off the bed as he leaned back on his left elbow. Reaching his hand all the way down to the bag, he continued to chew loudly as he'd been doing for the past 15 minutes in hopes to get a reaction out of anyone.

Stan sat on Bill's desk, head resting on his right palm. It wasn't even 11:00 pm yet and his eye lids already seemed to be drooping, Richie noted in mild annoyance. Bill was sitting on the floor, back against his bed as he listened to Eddie inform him on the benefits of washing your hands before and after every meal, nodding absentmindedly and humming every once in awhile. Richie noticed how his gaze often

landed on Stan, who now seemed to be very focused on studying every detail in one of Bill's expensive coloring pencils.

Richie rolled his eyes and groaned. He never dealt well with boredom, he was nearing possible death right now. He perked up suddenly as he grabbed a chip from the bag and tossed it at Eddie's head. Smiling triumphantly as it got stuck on his hair. Bill noticed right away and tried to stifle a laugh, managing to only smile discreetly.

Richie now had a goal, to get as many chips stuck on Eddie's hair before he would notice. Unfortunately he only managed to get three more stuck in his hair during the following three minutes before one of them bounced off the side of his head, hit him on the shoulder and landed on his right knee.

Eddie's head turned furiously and suddenly to look up at Richie, sending three of the chips in his hair flying in Bill's direction to which Bill shouted in laughter once Eddie caught on to Richie's momentary entertainment at his expense. Stan dropped the blue colored pencil he'd been inspecting at Bill's shout breaking the silence.

"I'm going to fucking kill you, Richie!" he shouted at Richie, who was now fully laying on his back, hand over his stomach as he laughed at Eddie's furious expression. Eddie patted the top of his head in search of any other chips and promptly chucked it at Richie's face when he found it. Richie's laughter continued undeterred and Stan rolled his eyes at him. Eddie punched his dangling leg in a last attempt to satisfy his annoyance at the older, though not by much, boy and Richie stopped laughing in order to scream dramatically.

"Ouch! I can't believe it, wounded by my Eddie. How ever will I recover from this betrayal?" he wailed dramatically, his arm now resting on his forehead.

"Shut the fuck up," Eddie responded managing to successfully suppress a blush which had been slowly creeping up from below his neck like some sort of curse. Eddie hated the weird unexplainable reaction the trashmouth sometimes got out of him.

"Why don't you come up here and make me?" Richie teased. The only

response Eddie managed was to childishly stick his tongue out at him before turning and making a point of ignoring him to show his irritation. Richie couldn't help but feel a light pang in his chest at Eddie not taking the bait and dropping it. They were both known as the most bickering out of their group and he could have gone for one of their bickering sessions right now.

From right under Richie's place on his bed, Bill shot a significant look at Stan, raising his eyebrow and quirking his lip. Stan rolled his eyes and mouthed back, I know.

Richie turned to look at Stan just as he turned his attention back to the coloring pencils, then looked at Bill who's gaze had lingered a little longer on Stan before feeling Richie's eyes on him. Richie smirked at him knowingly and Bill pretended he hadn't just been caught staring at one of his best friends for no reason and laughed awkwardly. He felt kind of irritated, Richie was in no place to silently call him out like this when he'd just been shamelessly flirting with Eddie in front of them. Unlike the rest of the losers, he and Stan knew this was Richie genuinely flirting with the other boy. Maybe Beverly also knew but he was sure Ben and Mike were clueless. He wondered if Richie knew himself.

"Do y-you think the b-beers are c-cold now?" he asks Richie in an attempt to move on from his mild embarrassment. Eddie perked up but tried to hide the fact he was silently excited to have his first taste.

Richie who had also visibly perked up at the opportunity to start the actual fun, sat up and shrugged, "I think so. You should go get them," he meant it as a suggestion but it came out more as a command. Bill nodded as he got up. "And get another bag of chips!" he shouted just as Bill was about to walk out the door. He looked at Richie, annoyance evident in his eyes.

"Not until y-you c-clean up the m-mess you made," he smiles at him, hearing Richie's groan as he made his way through the hall.

"Too bad the others couldn't be here," Richie said nonchalantly, not actually sounding sorry about it. Don't get him wrong, he loves spending time with all of his best friends (not that he'd ever say that to them), but as a mischevious idea started to take shape in his head

he was thankful it was just the four of them tonight. Ben having had a day with his family planned tomorrow and Mike's relatives still not quite warmed up to his new group of friends. Beverly still hadn't been able to come back and visit since their christmas break.

Richie Tozier was going to mess with Stan and Bill tonight. Both of which he knew something strange was going on between. Richie wasn't entirely sure what it was but they had been having mostly awkward moments lately and he couldn't wait to try and mess around with that.

Did Bill and Stan? No... Maybe. It was obvious Bill had a crush on Beverly but she's been gone for awhile now. There was definitely something weird going on. He grinned widely at Stan, to which he furrowed his eyebrows in confusion, eyes then widening in barely supressed fear at whatever it was Richie was thinking of.

Eddie looked up in confusion at Richie's sudden mood shift. He sounded like he was up to something and Eddie couldn't help the small spark of dread he felt, which was slowly growing in size when Richie looked down at him, all traces of boredom gone.

Just then Bill steps into the room quietly, his footsteps practically silent the entire way back. His face expressing relief at not having been caught bringing the pack back to his room from where he had expertly hidden it deep in their freezer. His father would surely be pissed and even though he didn't know how much his mother would be phased, he knew he'd be grounded for at least the end of the school year.

"You g-guys can't be t-too loud or my p-p-parents are going to w-wake up and w-we'll be dead," he warns, tone becoming momentarily stern as he set the pack down onto his desk right in front of Stan. Who now sat rigidly, back fully against the chair, staring at the pack as if it could jump and attack him any moment. Richie jumped off the bed right away wanting to be the first to grab a can, while Eddie just looked at him unmoving from his spot.

Bill chuckled, "C-come on Stan. Just o-one beer won't get y-you drunk or d-damage your l-l-liver or s-something." And Richie took note of the soft tone his voice took. He grabbed two cans and made his way

back towards Eddie and offered him one with a smile. Eddie took it with what he hoped was confidence but internally cursed when his hand shook as he brought it towards him.

"Aww, Eddie's first beer! I should take a picture to remember this special moment," he said in a mockingly sweet voice and Eddie's hopes that he would be quiet died instantly. He glared at Richie for a moment.

"Shut up, you've only had one beer ever. I hardly think that makes you that much more experienced than Stan or me," Eddie replied and Richie responded by opening his can with an obnoxiously loud snap. Eddie shook his head and rolled his eyes.

"It definitely does," he took a sip before pointing his finger at the can being held by Eddie's shaking hand. "Need me to open it for you?" he asked, a thin veil of innocence over his condescending tone. Eddie responded by looking Richie dead in the eyes as he angrily snapped the can open. Richie roared with laughter earning him a "Shhh!" from Bill who had just gotten Stan to grab a can.

Eddie slowly brought the can up to his lips and took a small tentative sip, then becoming frustrated with himself and taking a long impulsive chug. He brought down the can, his face twisted in disgust to see Richie staring at him with wide eyes, mouth hanging open in surprise.

"That's the most disgusting thing to ever go in my mouth. How do people willingly drink this crap?" he asked in disbelief and Richie couldn't help the swell of affection that he felt over his best friend. There was definitely nobody else like him in the world and he'd do anything for him. Somewhere deep in the back of his mind he was aware of something tugging at him, like an alarm trying to tell him something.

"You'd be surprised how many disgusting things people willingly put into their mouths," Richie responds casually just as Bill had taken a mouthful of beer into his mouth, making him snort and almost spit it all onto Stan who wore a similar expression of mildly disguised disgust after taking his first sip.

"So you'd be one of those things, given there's someone out there willing to kiss you," Stan's monotone voice replies in revenge to almost having what would have then been warm beer, spit all over him.

"Oooooh!" Bill and Eddie laugh as Richie simply flips him off. Stan relaxes in his seat, smiling in satisfaction down at his beer. Bill smiles down at him and Richie can't help but roll his eyes. When will they stop being so glaringly obvious? Maybe they're scared of what people would say. Richie wouldn't care. He'd kiss Eddie anywhere and if anyone has a problem with that he'd- wait what the fuck?

He looked nervously down at Eddie in case he somehow read his mind right at that moment but the other boy was in the middle of fighting down his second round of beer. He then turned to Bill and Stan who were taking turns staring at each other when they thought the other wouldn't notice.

When and how did that start? Stan was a great guy but he was.. Stan. How could Bill like him like that? He pushed the question aside as he got an idea. Not his greatest idea but he still wanted to mess with them. He made his way casually towards Bill, pretending he was inspecting a movie poster he had hung on the wall behind him. They were too distracted with each other to notice in time before Richie just went for it and pushed Bill as hard as he could towards Stan.

The resulting event was hilarious to say the least.

Bill's eyes had widened comically as he was caught off guard, unable to stop himself from falling right on top of Stan. He landed chest to chest with Stan, holding his beer at arms-length as he tried to keep himself from completely falling onto the floor and having no other choice but to lean against Stan in response. Bill and Stan's faces were tomato red as Richie laughed from behind them. Eddie torn between scolding Richie or laughing at the mess of limbs.

Bill was able to stand back up sooner than later, avoiding any eye contact with Stan and turning to glare daggers at Richie. Richie simply shrugged, "Oops." He smiled and Bill wanted nothing more than to wrap his hands around his neck at the moment.

Okay, Bill thought with a smirk. He'll play Richie's game. Though how could he embarrass Richie? He embarrasses himself everyday on his own, it would take a lot to make him feel embarrassed.

He turned towards Stan, face softening into an apologetic smile. "S-sorry. Did I g-get any b-beer on you?" He asked and apologized even though it was obviously not his fault. Stan just silently shook his head, eyes wide and face now only a light shade of pink. Bill sat down on his bed as Richie stood, confused Bill hadn't bothered to yell at him.

He kept trying to think of what he could do to Richie. Doing something like he did to Stan and him wouldn't work, that's established. Richie obviously liked Eddie, that Bill was sure of. As well as how Eddie liked him back, but who knew when these two would get their heads out of their asses and do something about it? Well... he shouldn't be one to talk.

All of a sudden a brilliant idea hit him. His eyes widened and his lips curled in a smile at his barely contained excitement. Poor Eddie was going to be a pawn in his little revenge towards Richie, he thought apologetically but shrugged it off. It might just pay off in Eddie's favor anyway.

Bill was going to make Richie jealous, and it probably wasn't going to take much. He'd never seen Richie actually jealous but that's because he was never faced with someone flirting with Eddie. Until tonight. This was not very like him to do but it was exactly like him to face off with Richie.

Bill got up with a smile, left the room without saying a word and came back with another bag of chips. He sat next to Eddie on the floor, a little closer than necessary and opened the bag. Richie jumped over happily and grabbed a handful.

"Guys, let's play something," Richie suggested, desperately trying to keep the deadly boredom he'd been feeling earlier from returning.

"Soon," Bill made a point of brushing him off, not even turning to look at him. "W-would you like s-some chips, Eddie?" he asked with a sickeningly sweet tone and smile to go with it. Eddie, who'd been too

busy swishing around the remains of his beer around the can to notice Bill's proximity turned and only thought for a second before nodding. Just as he was about to reach inside the bag, Bill grabbed his hand, turned his palm upwards and started shaking some onto his hand.

Eddie, who looked only a little taken aback smiled, "Thanks!" and began popping them into his mouth. This simply earned a confused but curious look from Richie. But Bill was only getting started.

"How's y-your first b-beer?" Bill asked and made a point of scooting even closer to Eddie.

"I've heard alcohol is an acquired taste but I'm wondering how long it'll be until then," Eddie replied, scrunching up his nose for emphasis. Bill laughed and shook his head.

"Y-you're right it's p-pretty gross." Richie, chose to cast another uncertain glance towards them before turning to Stan. Probably to start annoying him. Time to kick it up a few notches. "It's only m-my second o-one and I s-still think it's g-" Bill had been waving around the hand he'd been using to hold his can and expertly waved it a little too hard in Eddie's direction and successfully managed to spill a good amount right over Eddie's chest. Bill's eyes widened in feigned shock as Eddie gasped when the cold liquid made contact with his skin.

"Sh-shit I'm s-so sorry, Eddie!" Bill apologized, his voice dripping with remorse.

Richie snorted, "Way to go again, butter limbs!" His laugh died down as he watched Bill place his hands over Eddie's shoulder in an attempt to keep him in place. What he saw next was enough to make his blood heat up in anticipation of a boil. Bill had grabbed tissues from the small table next to his desk and started lightly dabbing it all over Eddie's soaked shirt. What the hell?

Bill made sure to keep his eyes on Eddie as he made a point of fumbling a bit and looking down at his hand as he lightly dabbed at Eddie's chest. This entire time Eddie had been too busy shivering and taking in what just happened. Now that he was settling down, his face turned a light shade of pink when he noticed the other boy's

near uncomfortable proximity.

Richie was almost frozen in place, faced with a feeling he hadn't experienced to this degree before. For once he couldn't even think of a smart comment to say.

"Y-you can b-borrow one of m-my shirts f-for now," Bill said with apologetic eyes and Eddie automatically nodded, overwhelmed at whatever was going on. Poor Eddie, Bill thought before quickly getting up and coming back with a dark blue t-shirt. He handed it to Eddie with a smile, "Y-you know where the b-bathroom is." Eddie nodded as he took it and left the room right away, now uncomfortable in his smelly beer soaked shirt.

The room was silent for a moment, Stan sitting in confusion and Richie glaring daggers at Bill. Bill gave him an innocent wide-eyed look before smirking smugly at him. At this, it was confirmed that Bill was definitely doing this on purpose to mess with him. Richie, for once remained silently fuming, face red and lips pressed together in a hard line.

Just then, Eddie walks back into the room (practically swimming in Bill's t-shirt), the strange atmosphere of it hitting him all of a sudden, making him look back and forth between the three other boys. Bill, expression back to one of remorse smiles at Eddie.

"L-looking good, Eddie. You sh-should wear m-my clothes m-more often." Bill makes sure to add a wink afterwards and Eddie's mouth gapes, cheeks turning pink, staring at Bill with wide eyes trying to formulate a reply. Poor, Eddie. What was he to do when Bill Denbrough has just blatantly flirted with him?

Bill takes this moment to spare a glance towards Richie and is absolutely delighted. If Richie was red in the face before, he is absolutely ready to blow now. He stood, fist clenched while the hand holding his long forgotten can of beer shook.

Richie had tried to imagine Eddie in one of his shirts at least a dozen times and Bill, the smug son of a bitch, he thought, was able to beat him to it. He didn't even like Eddie the way he did. Because he absolutely liked Eddie. He loved Eddie. He thought for the first time

ever, it was sitting there obviously present in the angry heat spread all over his face.

Bill then turns to look at Stan, absolutely not expecting to see him shooting daggers at Eddie, who was still completely confused. Was Stan? No... Bill was just projecting what he really wanted to see. Just then, the loud clatter of a can being dropped tears Bill's eyes towards Richie.

Richie quickly made his way over to Eddie, grabbed his face and pressed their lips together. Three pairs of eyes widened, Eddie's breath getting knocked right out of him. Bill's mouth was hanging open, slowly turning into an amused smile while Stan stared at the scene frozen. Richie pulled away after what felt like nearly forever but was probably just five seconds to turn towards Bill, smiling smugly.

"I win," and Bill thought that was debatable. Technically he got the most reaction out of the other boy but he was willing to let him enjoy the moment. Richie turned back to face Eddie again, who looked on the brink of an asthma attack. For a moment Richie studied his face worriedly, in case he'd need to run and get his inhaler. But Eddie's face calmed somewhat, studying Richie's face as well, probably to figure out if his actions were just a joke to get a rise out of him or Bill. But what he saw sent a shiver down his spine. Genuine affection.

Then his eyes hardened at the realization of what just happened. Shit, Richie thought.

"You, fuckers! Next time you get into another one of your competitive bullshit, leave me out of it!" he punches Richie's left arm and he immediately rubs the spot.

"Baby, let's not have our first fight please," Richie tried pleading as Bill laughed behind them. Eddie rolled his eyes but couldn't help the smile on his face. Stan shook his head in annoyance at Bill and Richie's antics. He tried to ignore his mild jealousy at how easy things seemed to be for Eddie and Richie.

Richie turned towards Bill, "Why don't you go and flirt with Stan now, you've clearly showed us you know how." Bill's smile

immediately faded as both his and Stan's eyes widened. "Oh and keep your hand's on Stan instead of my Eddie from now on," he finished as he pulled Eddie into his arms.

This time, three faces turned varying shades of red.